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missed his blow, he would have cut off both their heads ; but all was taken in good part. King John gave him great gifts, and restored him to all his former possessions." An immense sword, said to be have been used by De Courcy on the occasion, is deposited in the Tower of London ; and the Lords of Kinsale are possessed of the right of wearing their hats in the king's presence, on account of the exploit, real or supposed, performed by their ancestor.

He made, it is said, no less than fifteen several attempts to return to Ireland, but was always prevented by contrary winds or other impediments ; he then desisted, and retired into France, where he died about the year 1210.

R. A.

THE EFFECTS OF FEAR,

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

The circumstances which give rise to fear are of very dissimilar natures—sometimes the cause is ludicrous, often, too often, serious. Sometimes fear arises from a natural cause, and not unfrequently from a supposed supernatural ; but arise from what cause it may, ludicrous, serious, natural, or supernatural, it is admitted by all, that fear is a very unpleasant sensation to the person labouring under its influence—has frequently led to very serious results, and the paroxysm has often ended in the most lamentable manner. Fear we believe to be as inherent a principle of nature, and as closely bound up with humanity as the passion of love, or any other of the many feelings that either honour or disgrace human nature : it is an involuntary convulsion ; and an individual could as easily prevent a fit of coughing while labouring under influenza, as an attack of fear when induced by time, place, circumstances, and matter.

It is not our intention to enter into a philosophical definition of the passion of fear. There are none who do not know what it is ; and, therefore, without further preface, we proceed to give a practical illustration of its effects.

John M'V—, or, as he was familiarly called, Tippy Bobby, not many years since carried on the business of a barber in the town of D—. In person he was rather diminutive, not exceeding four feet eight inches ; but in his youth possessed as great a share of life, and as high an opinion of himself as ever was contained in a body twice the dimensions ; for as he was wont to say, if he had a small body he had a large soul, and, "it is not the size of a man, but the spirit of a man that constitutes the man ;" and certainly as he bustled through the street, with head erect and elbows squared, to attend the many calls on him to beautify the person, and bedizen the locks of his numerous fair customers, his appearance proclaimed his self-sufficiency and the consequence he attached to his office in no very small degree.

But it was within the walls of his domicile that John shone forth in all his glory, while operating on the visages of his penny-a-shave customers ; and to do him justice, few could equal him in the ease, smoothness, and rapidity of his shave. Light and steady was his hand as he mowed down the chevaux-de-frize of a week's growth, followed the windings of every description of jaw, or dug into the recesses of a deeply pock-pitted countenance. Obligated to use a stool to reach the elevation of the chin, which he mounted with the air of a Cicero ascending the rostrum, he tucked in the napkin in the most scientific manner, and flourished his razor and applied his brush with imitable grace—filling the ears with his oratory, as he occasionally did the mouth with his suds ; for John thought, that as he had a prescriptive right to take every man by the nose, he might, without offence, be indulged in a joke ; and being on the whole a very useful member of society, and withal a right merry little fellow, he was indulged ; and his shop was the resort of all those who duly appreciated the luxury of an anodyne shave, heightened and seasoned by a sprinkling of news, flattery or scandal.

Thus John's bachelorship rolled on ;—but man is not born for a life of enjoyment ; and these palmy days of his

existence could not last for ever. Goldsmith says in his Vicar of Wakefield, that "the fortunate events of a man's life are generally those of his own procuring," he might have added the unfortunate also, so it proved at least with John. In an evil hour he took unto him a wife—and verily she was a Tartar. The perfect reverse of himself—coarse and bulky, strong and lusty, an Amazon in her appearance, and a termagant in her manner ; before the influence of her malignant star John's sun quickly set. She soon began to assert her superiority ; and after a few inefficient kicks, the meek and gentle spirit of the little man quailed beneath the lightning of her frown, and gradually but surely his spirit was broken, and the poor fellow settled down despondingly into that most abject object of humanity—a hen-pecked husband.

In addition to her other good qualities, Mrs. M'V. was a confirmed drammer ; and I still can fancy her fiery, bloated overgrown appearance, as she filled with arms akimbo the door of John's once happy home, and poured forth her vituperation and abuse on all who came within the range of her discursive fancy. Her unfortunate helpmate, of whom perhaps you might catch a glimpse under her elbow, generally came in for the largest share ; while crest-fallen and chop-fallen, only the shadow of what before was scarcely more than a shadow, he would listen in silence until the tempest would exhaust itself. Occasionally, when beyond the shot of her battery, a flash of his native fire would break forth—his tongue would become unchained—his elbows would again mechanically square, and his head would erect itself as of old ; but a single twinkle of her basilisk eye was sufficient to recal him to a sense of his hopeless situation ; dispel his day-dream of happiness, cast a blight on his enjoyments, and crush him into hopeless nothingness.

"'Tis a long lane has no turn." So says the proverb. After a few years thus spent in *connubial bliss*, the native fire of her temper, aided by the artificial fire of whiskey, kindly came to John's relief, and drying up the springs of life, inflammation of the liver took her off, with the unanimous consent of all her friends. She left a few pledges of her love behind, and John felt himself again a man, and once more began to breathe freely. But, reader, have you ever observed a high mettled horse, or perchance a pony, his native fire subdued—his will conquered and kept within bounds by a strong rein and powerful hand—he becomes submissive to the will of the rider ; suddenly the rein snaps, and all his former impetus returns ; on he dashes, heedless of consequences, and reckless of danger—and proud in the consciousness of regained liberty, perhaps rushes madly over a precipice—just so it was with poor John ; his drag being removed, and freed from the incubus that so long incumbered him, the recoil of his spirits hurried him beyond the bounds of propriety ; he plunged eagerly into company drank deeply of the liquid poison, neglected his family and business, and was hastening rapidly to ruin.

His friends beheld with pain the course he was pursuing ; they expostulated with him on the folly of his conduct, they set before him the melancholy consequences, but without effect ; and knowing the instinctive dread of his wife which still hung about him, they determined to try an experiment to fright him into propriety. Accordingly, one night, after he had as usual retired to rest in a state of intoxication, he was suddenly roused from his slumber, and beheld a figure enveloped in white, the face as far as was uncovered deadly pale, standing by his bed, which announced itself to the terrified man as the ghost of his dear, departed Mary Anne.

John's teeth chattered, and a cold sweat bedewed his forehead as he gazed on the apparition, which commanded him in a hollow voice instantly to arise and fall on his knees ; always accustomed to obey, he mechanically crept from his bed and did the spectre's bidding. Faithfully did he promise that he would no more offend, and dreadful were the denunciations of wrath should he break his promise ; and the scene was closed by swearing him, that he would not for twelve months drink more than a naggin of spirits per day, to wit—one half in the morning, and the other at noon ; after which he was ordered to bed, and the ghost departed.

In the morning he awoke to a full consciousness of the

terrific events of the past night; he would willingly persuade himself it was all a dream, but even a dream in which his wife was a party was not one of the most agreeable description; and to avoid as much as possible, a recurrence of one of the same nature, he arose, determined to fulfil to the letter the import of his oath, and to commence the world a new man; but, alas! little did he reckon on the frailty of human nature. On entering his shop, his friends were there to see how their plan worked. Unfortunately they could not keep their own counsel, but too plainly betrayed by their enquiries and suppressed mirth, the hoax they had played. The truth flashed upon his mind; and from sheer vexation that he should be made the object of their sport, and the butt of their ridicule, he plunged deeper into the mire, and that evening was put to bed in a state of perfect insensibility.

Determined not to be foiled by the failure of their first attempt, and foolishly wishing to enjoy the terror and perplexity of their unfortunate victim, they that night made a second attack. Roused from sleep by the most alarming noises and rough usage, poor John was horrified at beholding not only the spectre of his wife, but several others around him. In a voice of fury she upbraided him with the breach of his oath in the most cutting terms; she rehearsed the various acts of her love and kindness to him while on earth; and finally declared, that as there was no hope of his recovery here, she was determined to bring him with her. John listened with a vacant stare to all that was said, his teeth were clenched, his eyes were set, he neither spoke or moved; but when they proceeded to put her threats in execution by pulling him forcibly by the heels out of bed, his whole frame became convulsed; he gave a piercing scream of agony—it was his last. They had carried their joke too far, human nature could not bear it. Poor John was seized with a fit in the hands of, shall I say, his murderers, and before morning he was a corpse.

The matter was hushed up; it was supposed he had died of apoplexy. The unlucky actors in the tragedy certainly made the only reparation in their power, by protecting and providing for his family; and at the present day, his son occupies his shop, and fills his former situation in society.

R. A.

PADREEN MAC FAAD.

A most daring act of robbery, and one most skilfully conducted, occurred somewhat more than eighty years ago, in the County of Derry, near the town of Dungiven; it was committed by a maurauder commonly called Padreen Mac Faad, and two brothers of the name of Crossagh. Between that village and the mountain named Carn Togher, there was formerly a sort of country inn, kept by one Fowler, which was generally supposed to be a receptacle for robbers. Hither Mac Faad and the Crossaghs used to resort; and were said to have had for their use a private apartment, near the place where the guests were entertained, in which they could hear their conversation, and adjust their predatory plans accordingly. It happened at that time, that General Napier, at the head of a detachment of cavalry, (the number of which is not ascertained,) halted at Fowler's for a night, on his way to Londonderry. He had heard of Mac Faad's party, and how frequently they laid travellers under contribution; and, while he was sitting at supper, expressed great indignation and contempt at the magistracy for suffering such maurauders to exist in the country. Mac Faad, being in the adjoining room, overheard him; and, it is said, made a most solemn and tremendous vow, that the General should feel his vengeance soon, for the infamous epithets with which he had honoured him. He laid his plan accordingly; and, knowing that the General was to march, next day, over a long narrow bridge, in a valley where the current had failed, took his station, with his associates, near the bridge, and some of them under the arches. The General, at the time expected, advanced, at the head of his troop, at a brisk trot; and when they got on the bridge, his horse was suddenly shot under him; and Padreen Mac Faad appeared. A show of resistance was attempted; but one of the Crossaghs roared aloud

in their rear, and presented a blunderbuss, with which he swore to do bloody execution on the man who would put hand to holster or sword. Padreen, in the mean time, stood before them in no very inviting attitude, a pistol in each hand, and his belt stuck full of daggers.—When thus completely jammed in on each side by the curtain walls of the bridge, and attacked front and rear, Mac Faad informed the General who he was; and commanded him, on the peril of his life, to give orders to his troop that they should suffer themselves to be tied, one after another, by his associates, who had ropes prepared for the purpose. The commander was obliged to give orders accordingly: and the men were compelled to submit to inglorious bonds till all were firmly secured. The banditti began the business of plundering the superior officer in the sight of his soldiers; and it is reported that they shared a large booty, as he had a considerable sum with him, under what he thought a sufficient guard. This, however, did not satisfy the marauders, who stripped the General of his coat and hat; and, when the business was completed, found means to escape among the winding glens, and left their military victims to be loosed by the hands of their valorous commander. The place has since been called the General's Bridge. The hardihood of the robbers, and some political reasons now unknown, induced the Grand Jury to throw out the bill of indictment against Mac Faad; and he was actually suffered to plead his pardon, dressed in the regimentals of Napier. He was made a sort of ranger of the country, in the old manner of "set a thief to catch a thief." But after a short time he was convicted and executed for some new enormities.

Oh fair was the morning, and bright was the day,
When General Napier made his guardsmen array,
To hold on their journey to famed Derry town—
And gaily they galloped o'er mountain and down;
Their hearts in their bosoms sat lightly and glad,
For little they thought to meet Padreen Mac Faad.

Their steeds were high-mettled, their trappings were gay,
And their armour flash'd bright in the brightness of day,
Their rings and their jewels were gallant and fine,
(Och! I wish that such rings and jewels were mine);
But ere the night came, they were sorry and sad,
For they chanc'd on their way to meet Padreen Mac Faad.

"Come bustle, come bustle, O'Crossagh the bold;
There's prey on the mountains, there's spoil in the wold;
Come bustle, come bustle—high deeds must be done
In the face of the day, in the glare of the sun;
For wealth for the fearless in store may be had,
And gold for the winning!" quoth Padreen Mac Faad.

Out sallied the rapparees, firm in their might;
Their word "the strong hand, and pillage our right!"
Their pistols were loaded, their carabines slung;
Like the wolf-dog on track, they rush'd fiercely along;
So reckless the spirit, in good cause or bad,
Of wild Shane O'Crossagh and Padreen Mac Faad.

Now high o'er the land blazed the bright lamp of day,
And the toil-stiffen'd reapers rejoiced in its ray,
When the General and comrades came gaudily on—
They stayed not for rock, and they stooped not for stone—
Their swords and their trappings were rattling like mad;
"Och, you'll soon quit your capers!" quoth Padreen Mac Faad.

One flash of his carbine—the General wheel'd round,
And his steed and his rider both roll'd on the ground;
His guardsmen they gaped with a panic-struck stare,
When the voice of O'Crossagh roar'd loud in the rear—
"Surrender, ye knaves, to true knights of the pad;
The strong hand for ever, and Padreen Mac Faad!"

Now oaths wildly sounded, and pistols were flashing,
And horses high bounding, and broadswords were clashing;
The demon of plunder in glory did revel,
For Shane and stout Padreen laid on like the devil;
Till at length, fairly routed, the whole scarlet squad
Were tied neck and heels, by brave Padreen Mac Faad.

Their rings and their watches, and jewels so rare,
And bright store of gold, and fine raiment to wear,
Were seiz'd by the victors, who strutted so gay
Round the crest-fallen cravens in martial array;
And throughout the wide country there ne'er was a lad
Could match Shane O'Crossagh, or Padreen Mac Faad.

Belfast Magazine.

TOMB OF THE ST. LAURENCE FAMILY, IN THE ABBEY OF HOWTH.



In the south aisle of the Abbey of Howth, near the east window, stands a tomb, on the slab of which are represented, in a recumbent posture, in high relief, the figure of a knight, and by his side that of a lady. The heads of both are supported by tasselled cushions; the feet of the knight rest upon a dog, and those of the lady on a cushion similar to that under her head. The hands of both are raised and laid flat on the breast, the palms inwards; the countenances are peculiarly placid and agreeable. The knight is in complete armour from crown to heel, and belted with his trusty sword. His lady love is attired in a fanciful head dress, a close bodice, wide sleeves, terminated at the wrists by cuffs, and from the waist is enveloped in an elegantly plaited tunic, the train of which descends in graceful folds below her feet; a nondescript ornament hangs in front, on which a cross may be traced. On the levelled edge of the slab there has been an inscription now defaced; the sides and ends are beautifully sculptured; the head and foot represent the figures of saints in Gothic niches; and on the sides the armorial bearings of the family and its connexions are displayed, surrounded by rich and florid tracery: among these escutcheons the arms of St. Laurence and Plunket are the most conspicuous.

There is a peculiarity in this tomb I have not seen generally noticed—the lady on the slab and the Plunket arms occupy the place of honour, namely, the dexter side. Can this be satisfactorily accounted for?

There are some other monuments, but none of any particular interest. On the floor, close by the south wall, are two freestone flags, with ornamented crosses in relief; they, perhaps, mark the graves of some of the ecclesiastics.

R. A.

TERREAN ABSORPTION.

Pliny tells us the mountain Cymbotus, with the town of Eurites, which stood on its side, were wholly absorbed into the earth, so that not the least trace of them remained; and he records the like fate of the city Tantalus in Magnesia; and after it, of the mountain Sytelus, both thus absorbed by a violent opening of

the earth. Galanis and Garnatus, towns once famous in Phœnicia, met the same fate; and the vast promontory called Phlegium, in Ethiopia, after a violent earthquake in the night time, was not to be seen in the morning, having wholly disappeared, and the earth closed over it. These and many other histories attested by authors of credit among the ancients, abundantly prove the fact in the earlier ages; and there have not been wanting, too, many instances of more modern date. Amongst the latter, in the year 1702, the noble family seat of Borge, near Fredericstadt, suddenly sunk, with all its towers and battlements, into an abyss of a hundred fathoms in depth; and its site was instantly filled with water, and formed an immense lake. This melancholy accident, by which 14 people and 29 head of cattle perished, was occasioned by the foundation having been undermined by the waters of the river.

ALLITERATION.

THE BATTLE OF THE PIGS.—A Latin poem was published at Niverstadt, in 1669, consisting of three hundred and two hexameter lines, comprising one thousand five hundred words, which, with the title page, author's name, &c. began every one with the letter P. It is called, "Pugna porcorum per Petrum Porcinum, Paraclesis pro potatore." It takes for its motto:—"Perlege porcorum pulcherrima proelia, Potor, Potondo poteris placidam proffere poesin." It commenced with the line—"Plaudite porcelli, porcorum pigra propago." The whole is correct Latin, the verse perfect in its quantities, and the fable conducted on the best rules of Aristotle. It is, perhaps, the greatest literary curiosity in existence.

QUID NUNC.

There is a word in the English language, to which, if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter—and that word is, *short*. This is a paradox: for the word being actually made longer, becomes really *shorter*—and now, *vice versa*, there are words which, by being made shorter in one sense, become longer in another—*plague* is a word of one syllable; take away the two first letters, and there will be a word of two syllables remaining; by which it appears the *ague* is four-sixths of the plague. We have three words of this kind, *teague*, *league*, and *frague*. There is also a word in the English language of five syllables, from which if one syllable be deducted, no syllable remains—*monosyllable*. The two longest monosyllables in our language are *strength* and *straight*, and the very longest word *honorificabilitudinit*; but this is an obsolete phrase, and is not to be found in any vocabulist I know of, Bailey excepted, who has borrowed it from the Latin, in which language it has a letter more, viz. *honorificabilitudinatus*.—Heroine is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our tongue. The two first letters are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman; it runs thus—*he, her, hero, heroine*.—We have a term for a beggar, which may be divided without the transposition of a single letter, with only the addition of an apostrophe, so as to complete a simple sentence, and such a sentence as a person of this description may generally address himself withal. The term is *mendicant*, and the sentence arising from its division—*mend I can't*; which most of them may truly assert.—We have several dissyllable words, which read the same backwards and forwards, such as *aga, ala, lesel*, &c. But we have very few which constitute a different word by reverse reading. There are these, *lever, ever, repel, sever*, which read backwards make *revel, reve, leper, revs*; an æra, by dissolving the diphthong, when retrogradely read, will be *area*. Of trisyllables there cannot be expected so many; *animal*, it is true, will be found to make the Latin, and by adoption, English word, *lamina*.

DUBLIN.

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Gray; in Birmingham by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Jun. and in London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panzer-alley, Paternoster-row.